

BAKER'S DARKEY PLAYS



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HERE SHE GOES, AND
THERE SHE GOES

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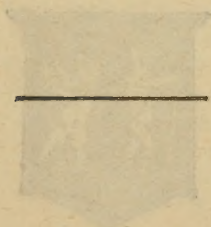
HERE SHE GOES AND THERE SHE GOES

An Ethiopian Farce in Two Scenes

EDITED AND ARRANGED FOR PERFORMANCE, WITH ALL THE
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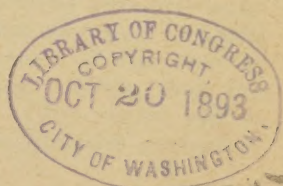
GEORGE H. COES



BOSTON

Walter H. Baker & Co.

1893



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CHARACTERS.

JOSHUA SCOREUP, *landlord of the "Half Moon" Inn.*

OLD TOBY, *his father.*

BILL CHEATEM }
JACK FLEECEM } *Two Sharpers.*

DOCTOR X. }
DOCTOR Y. } *Two popular M.D.'s.*

JIM, *a waiter.*

JERRY, *son of Joshua.*

MARIA, *landlady of the Inn, and wife of Joshua.*

· TRAVELLERS, BOARDERS, VISITORS, ETC.

COSTUMES ECCENTRIC.



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HERE SHE GOES, AND THERE SHE GOES.

SCENE I. — *A street in one.*

(*Enter OLD TOBY, R. I E.*)

OLD TOBY. Well, this is really a nice business, keeping a hotel so near the railroad station, where there is so much excitement and a good sprinkling of fun. (*Bell rings outside L. H.*) It strikes me there's a bell ringing somewhere in the house. (*Enter JIM, and runs against OLD TOBY, and crosses to L. I E.*)

JIM. Always in the way, you old fool.

OLD T. What's that?

JIM (*louder*). I said the house was full.

OLD T. Oh, yes, Jim, if we have any more passengers we sha'n't know where to put 'em.

JIM. You don't know anything, you old bull head.

OLD. T. What's that, sir?

JIM (*louder*). You know I must go ahead.

OLD T. Oh, all right.

JIM. Oh, you go to the deuce.

OLD T. Hey?

JIM (*louder*). I'm going to get some soup. (*Exit R. H.*)

OLD T. Now there's a specimen of the waiters we have attached to the "Half Moon." I don't know what they'd do in this hotel if I wasn't about. It keeps me half my time looking after the waiters; I'm so deaf I can't hear half the time what they say. (*Looks off R.*) Oh, here come some more passengers. (*Enter two or three L. H.*) Ah, how do you do, gentlemen. Walk into the house; you'll find some one to attend to you. (*Passengers exit R. I E.; enter JIM followed by BILL and JACK, fashionably dressed.*)

JIM. Dis way, gentlemen, dis way.

JACK. Thank you. Will you be so kind as to look after our horse and put him in the stable. Give him a peck of oats, and mind you don't only show him the measure.

JIM. Oh, sir, we never do such things as dat here.

BILL. That may be very true, but it strikes me that it is somewhere in this vicinity that the landlord used to put shavings in the manger, and then put a pair of green spectacles on the horse's eyes so as to make him believe it was green grass.

JIM (*aside*). Them fellows think they're smart, but they can't come it over me, and they'll have to pay mighty high for everything they get here.

JACK. Young man, are you going?

JIM. Yes, sir.

JACK. Then go. (*To OLD TOBY.*) Are you the landlord?

OLD T. Oh, yes, we'll give you the best we can afford.

BILL. Hang me, Jack, if the old poppy ain't deaf.

JACK. Ha, ha, ha. (*To OLD TOBY, very loud.*) Are you the landlord?

OLD T. Oh, I used to be. You'll have to speak pretty loud to me, for I'm hard of hearing.

JACK. You're an old fool.

OLD T. Yes; we are pretty full. (*JACK and BILL both laugh.*) You see, I used to be landlord here until my daughter married my son-in-law, Joshua Scoreup; when that happened, I gave up the business to him.

JACK. That was perfectly right.

OLD T. No; it wasn't last night, it was about five years ago.

JACK. Well, we should like something to eat

OLD T. Oh, he can't be beat.

BILL. Louder, Jack.

JACK. We should like something to eat!

OLD T. Oh, you want your supper. Well, I declare, I'm so deaf I don't know what to do.

BILL. Oh, get out.

OLD T. No; it's not gout, it's the rheumatiz. I've had it about fifteen years, so I don't know what to do. I'll go and attend to your supper.

BILL. Ha, ha, ha. I say, Jack, how stands the finances?

JACK. I don't know. (*Takes out purse.*) Sum total of the cash, nine cents. That's one degree above zero.

BILL. Well, I'm just one degree below zero. He who steals my purse steals trash.

JACK. Well, Bill, that's very true; but he who steals my purse steals all of our capital.

BILL. What's to be done?

JACK. I can't tell. We can't pay for our supper out of nine cents.

BILL. That's so; but I'm hungry enough to eat a horse.

JACK. Yes, I don't doubt it. And I'm hungry enough to eat a horse and wagon, if I wasn't afraid of the wheels sticking in my throat.

BILL. I wish it was last night. As long as I'm hungry I shall never forget the supper we got at the last stopping place; and the only pay the landlord got was the pleasure of kicking us out.

JACK. Well, I've an idea.

BILL. What is it?

JACK. Why, after we get our supper, the landlord may take a check on the same bank. (*Looks off R. I. E.*) Ah, who's this?

BILL. What a charming creature. (*Enter MARIA, R. I E.*)

MARIA. Gentlemen, your supper is ready in the next room.

BILL (*goes to her*). I don't want any supper where you are, my charmer. (*BILL is about to embrace her when JACK throws him around.*)

MARIA. Sir, I shall speak to my husband.

JACK. Well, Miss, we shall be there presently.

BILL. She ain't a Miss, Jack, she's a Mrs. (*BILL goes towards her.*) Didn't I understand you rightly? You said you had a husband? (*JACK kicks BILL to L. H.*)

JACK. My dear Madam, you musn't mind what he says to you, because he's a little in liquor.

BILL (*aside*). What a whopper.

MARIA. Well, gentlemen, your supper is waiting in the next room. (*Exit MARIA R. I E.*)

BILL. What a lovely creature she is, to be sure.

JACK. I smell the savory dishes that are cooking for us in the kitchen; and, Bill, as you are always growling, I want you to eat enough for to-morrow, for the way I'll tuck it in can't be beat.

BILL. Yes, and I'll pocket what I can't eat. (*Exit R. H., arm in arm.*)

SCENE II.—*A Parlor in three. A large clock L. C., to work; table set for two, R. of C.; chairs, etc.; tables with books, papers; vases, pictures, etc. OLD TOBY and JIM discovered seated at table.*

OLD T. I say, Jim, is everything ready?

JIM (*takes up plate and musses with it*). Yes, sir. (*OLD TOBY knocks it out of his hand and it falls on floor and breaks; then OLD T. drives JIM off stage.*)

OLD T. You infernal black scoundrel, why don't you be more careful? Now there goes two cents worth of my crockery ware. (*Picks up pieces of plate; enter MARIA R. H., followed by BILL and JACK.*)

MARIA. This way, gentlemen; your supper is all ready.

JACK. Thank you; but where are the rest of the passengers?

OLD T. What are the gentlemen saying to you, Maria?

MARIA (*to JACK*). Oh, they sup in the next room. (*To OLD T.*) They were asking me where the other passengers are.

OLD T. (*to JACK and BILL*). Ah, gentlemen, excuse me, but seeing you are real gentlemen by your manners and appearance, we thought we would serve your supper in this room by yourselves. (*Aside.*) And I'll make 'em pay for the privilege.

JACK. Thank you, and we'll remember you for it.

MARIA. Father, won't you please wait on the gentlemen? Take your seats, gentlemen.

BILL (*to MARIA*). I would prefer a seat in your affections, dearest.

MARIA. Sir ?

JACK (*sticks a fork in BILL's back*). Sit down !

BILL (*jumps around*). Oh, I never shall be able to sit down after that.

MARIA. Well, father, you look after these gentlemen now, for I must go down in the kitchen. (*Exit MARIA R. H.*)

OLD T. Oh, all right, my child.

BILL. I say, Jack, let's say grace before we eat, so the old man will think we are religious.

JACK. Very well. (*Both rise and repeat the following lines in a sanctified manner.*)

Corn beef hot and corn beef cold,
Corn beef tender and corn beef old,
Corn beef young and corn beef tough,
Oh, goodness gracious, we've had corn beef enough.

That makes us able to eat everything that's on the table.

OLD T. What pious young men they are. They say grace before they eat.

JACK. Well, old pop, how goes it ? Have many calls ?

OLD T. Well, considerable many, but not as many as we would like.

JACK. But you'll have enough on New Year's.

OLD T. Oh, yes; I expect so. Ha, ha, ha !

JACK (*laughs*). I say, Jack, this is good pie.

OLD T. Yes, it is so ; it is high.

JACK. No, no ; I said it was a delicious pie.

OLD T. Oh, yes, gentlemen, I can recommend it, for I made that pie.

JACK. What do you style it ?

OLD T. It isn't biled, it's baked.

JACK. What do you call it ?

OLD T. That, sir, is the celebrated Washington pie. Why, bless you, my father used to make that pie for General Washington.

JACK (*pours out wine and drinks*). That'll do.

OLD T. (*watching JACK and BILL*). Oh, no, it ain't new. I've had it in my cellar for eighteen years.

BILL. That's a lie.

OLD T. I don't care if I do try. (*Takes glass and drinks.*)

BILL (*looks astonished*). That's cool.

OLD T. Another pull ? (*Takes another glass, when JACK takes it away.*)

JACK. No ; no, you don't.

OLD T. (*aside, coming towards L.*). Very strange young man : first ask me to drink, then won't let me.

JACK (*coming forward*). I say, old gentleman, will you have our William sent up ?

OLD T. What's that, sir ?

JACK. We want our William.

OLD T. Oh, you mean my son-in-law, Joshua, don't you?

JACK. No, no; our William.

OLD T. What, have you left a young man down-stairs?

JACK (*laughs*). No, no. I'll tell you. You see, I haven't had one in so long a time that I'm not familiar enough to call it *Bill*, so I call it William. (*Both laugh.*)

OLD T. Oh, yes, I see. It's a good joke — ha, ha. You want your bill.

JACK. Yes. (*All this time BILL is stowing away all the eatables in his clothes.*)

OLD T. Why, ain't you going to stay all night?

JACK. No; we should like to, but our business compels us to go.

OLD T. Oh, very well. I'll go down-stairs and send my son-in-law, Joshua, up with your bill. (*Aside.*) And I'll tell him to make them pay for what they've had. (*Exit OLD T., R.*)

BILL. Say, Jack, we've had our supper. Now what shall we do?

JACK. Well, as we've had our dance, we must pay the fiddler. What do you think about it?

BILL. Suppose we jump out of the window and give 'em leg bail, as we did the sheriff.

JACK. But what will you do with the horse and wagon?

BILL. I never thought of that — let me see. I have it — let's murder all the people here, and then set fire to the house.

JACK. No, no; that's nonsense. Let me see — (*looks around room*). I don't know. (*Sees clock.*) That's the very thing. (*Opens clock door.*)

BILL. But, Jack, we both can't hide in there.

JACK. We don't want to hide in there. You see if I don't pay for our supper and make something in the bargain. You pretend to look closely at that clock, and say yes to everything I say.

BILL. Very well.

JACK. Quick; here comes the landlord. (*They both stand together talking to themselves when JOSHUA comes on L. I E., and sees them.*)

JOSHUA (*goes to JACK and BILL*). Gentlemen, how do you do? (*They take no notice of him; aside.*) I wonder what they are talking about, and looking at that clock for. I guess they're deaf. I'll speak a little louder to them. (*Goes to them and speaks very loud.*) Gentlemen! I say!

JACK (*turns around*). Oh, I beg pardon. I didn't see you come in.

JOSHUA. I've brought your little bill. (*Unrolls a very long bill.*)

JACK. Why, Bill, how could you have the heart to run up such a long bill? What's that last-named article?

JOSHUA. Gin.

JACK. Well, I'll settle for that by and by. (*Retires up stage with BILL.*)

JOSHUA (*aside*). Oh, ho! I've been done by these fellows before. I'll make believe I don't understand them. (*Very loud.*) Oh, no, my charges ain't high!

BILL. Hang me, Jack, if he ain't as deaf as the old man; deaf people always speak very loud. Did you hear how he bawled?

JACK (*puts his mouth to JOSHUA'S ear*). I said I would settle for that by and by.

JOSHUA. Oh!

JACK (*very loud to JOSHUA'S ear*). I've been looking at that clock; it's a very fine one.

JOSHUA (*very loud in JACK'S ear*). Yes.

JACK. Would you like to sell it?

JOSHUA. No; 'cause it's been in our family a great many years, and I wouldn't like to part with it.

JACK. Then you won't sell it.

JOSHUA. No!

JACK (*very loud*). My good fellow, you needn't bawl so loud, I'm not deaf.

JOSHUA (*in natural tone*). Neither am I.

JACK. Oh, I beg your pardon.

JOSHUA. Same to yourself, sir. (*Shakes hands.*)

JACK. Well, about that clock.

JOSHUA. What about it?

JACK. It puts me in mind of a bet I once won on a clock just exactly like that one, and so much is that clock like it, I thought I would buy it if I could. Bill, do you recollect how much it was I won?

BILL. No; I do not.

JACK. Oh, I remember now; it was a hundred dollars.

JOSHUA. What, did you win a hundred dollars on a clock like that one? (*JACK bows.*) Why, how?

JACK. I'll tell you. I was travelling last summer in the State of New Jersey on business, and I stopped at the tavern for the night, and during the evening I went down in the bar-room, and in the bar-room stood a clock—an old one like that. And while sitting there, a young man bet he could sit before that clock for one hour and keep his fore-finger going from right to left (*shows*), saying, "Here she goes and there she goes."

JOSHUA. And you won the bet?

JACK. Yes.

JOSHUA. And didn't he use his left hand?

JACK. No.

JOSHUA. And didn't he say anything else?

JACK. No; and mustn't let anybody disturb him. And I walked the hundred dollars out of him in no time.

JOSHUA. You couldn't walk a hundred dollars out of me.

JACK. Will you make a bet?

JOSHUA. Yes; I'll bet fifty dollars on the spot I can do it.

JACK. Done! (*Clock strikes six; JOSHUA sits R. of clock and*

begins saying, "Here she goes and there she goes." He has a purse sticking out of his vest pocket.) But you haven't put up the money.

JOSHUA (*hands him his purse*). Here she goes and there she goes, etc. (*Speaking continuously without once stopping.*)

JACK (*to BILL*). Didn't I tell you, Bill, we'd have something. (*Both to JOSHUA.*) Won't you go down-stairs and take a drink?

JOSHUA (*pays no attention*). Here she goes and there she goes, etc.

JACK. Don't let anybody disturb you. (*Both imitating JOSHUA; then they steal everything in the room, and carry it off* L. 2 E. JOSHUA does not move from his position, but watches them after they are gone, saying all the time, "Here she goes," etc.)

(*Enter JIM, L. H.*)

JIM. I guess dem fellows are done dinner by dis time. (*Turns and sees JOSHUA.*) Hallo! what's Massa Scoreup doing dat for? I'll speak to him. Mr. Scoreup.

JOSHUA. Here she goes, etc.

JIM. He must be crazy. I'll go and bring the old man. (*Calls.*) Here, old man! Uncle Toby! (*Exit L., and return with OLD TOBY.*)

OLD T. What's this, Jim?

JIM. Look dere.

OLD T. (*goes to JOSHUA and listens*). No, no, my son, there's nothing on your nose.

JOSHUA. Here she goes, etc.

OLD T. (*listens again*). Here she goes and there she goes. Why, that is very strange actions. (*To JIM.*) I say, Jim, what does he mean by that?

JIM. Oh, massa, dere's no use talking to him. Dere's something wrong up here. (*Striking his head.*) He's crazy.

OLD T. Jim, do you think so? Well, go call your missus, and then run for the doctor.

JIM. Yes, sir. (*Exit JIM R. H.; OLD TOBY goes to JOSHUA and commences to mesmerize him, and try all ways to make him speak to him, when MARIA enters R. H.*)

MARIA. What's this I hear? My husband crazy? (*Embraces him.*) O Joshua, don't you know your Maria? On her bended knees to you she implores you to speak to her.

JOSHUA. Here she goes, etc.

MARIA. The sight of his boy may recall his scattered senses. (*Calls.*) Jerry! Here, Jerry!

JERRY (*outside*). Yes, mommy.

MARIA. Come here, right away.

JERRY (*enters L.*). Well, mommy.

MARIA. Come here and kneel down and raise your little hands to your father. See, Joshua, this is the first pledge of our mutual affection; speak to him.

JOSHUA. Here she goes, etc.

MARIA. Jerry, Jerry, your poor father is crazy.

JERRY. O mommy, will he bite? (*Goes to JOSHUA, who grabs him and throws him across his knee and spansks him, when JERRY hollers and runs to his mother.*) O mommy, how he hurts!

MARIA. Oh, what shall I do?

JIM (*enters R.*). Here's the doctor. (*Enter DOCTOR X., who goes to JOSHUA and feels of his pulse, when JOSHUA strikes him in the stomach.*)

DOCTOR X. Mrs. Scoreup, is your husband a spiritualist?

MARIA. Why, doctor?

DOCTOR X. Because I thought he might be a rapping medium.

MARIA. No; he is not a spiritualist. (*After a pause.*) What is your opinion, doctor?

DOCTOR X. I should not like to express my opinion until I had consulted with another physician. Could you send for Doctor Y.? He lives but a short distance from here.

MARIA. Oh, of course. Here, Jim, run — fly!

JIM. Yes, marm. (*Exit JIM, R.*)

DOCTOR X. (*goes to JOSHUA and then to MARIA*). He seems to be getting more excited; would it be any trouble to you to call in more assistance?

MARIA. Oh, no. Here, Jerry, you run and tell all the people in the house to come here right away.

JERRY. Yes, mommy. (*Exit JERRY, L. H.*)

DOCTOR X. My dear Mrs. Scoreup, as the patient's insanity was occasioned by some powerful shock on the nervous system, I am afraid I shall be compelled to use some very stringent prescription.

(*Enter JERRY with all the passengers.*)

JIM (*enters R. H.*). Here's Doctor Y.

DOCTOR X. Ah, doctor, how do you do?

DOCTOR Y. Did you send for me?

DOCTOR X. Yes. I have a stubborn case of insanity, caused by some unknown means. Please examine the patient yourself, doctor.

DOCTOR Y. (*goes to JOSHUA, and as he gets to his side he hits the DOCTOR in the stomach*). By George, doctor, he is very violent; and I must say, I never saw a case of insanity operate in that way.

DOCTOR X. What do you recommend, doctor?

DOCTOR Y. Why, as the cause of this insanity must have been from extreme action on the brain, we had better cool his head all we can. And, in the first place, I think it would be best to shave his head.

DOCTOR X. The idea is correct, and I agree with you. (*To OLD TOBY.*) Can you procure a barber?

OLD T. No; I'm not his father. I'm his father-in-law.

JIM. A barber? Yes; dere's one down-stairs shaving de passengers what arrived last night.

MARIA. Jim, go tell him to come up. (*Exit JIM.*) What are you going to do, gentlemen.

DOCTOR X. Shave his head.

JIM (*enter R. H.*). De barber's gone away, but here is his implements, and I can do it myself. (*Place JOSHUA in chair C. of stage and shave his head; he has a false wig on. JOSHUA goes back to clock again, says, "Here she goes," etc. DOCTORS consult again.*)

DOCTOR X. The operation has no effect. I have resorted to other means in such extreme cases.

DOCTOR Y. What is it, doctor?

DOCTOR X. Why, draw the blood from the brain of the patient to the lower extremities by violent agitation.

DOCTOR Y. But how is this agitation caused?

DOCTOR X. By tossing the patient in a blanket.

DOCTOR Y. Can you procure a blanket?

JIM. Yes, sir. (*Gets blanket from L. 2 E., and all toss JOSHUA in it. At close JOSHUA goes back to clock and begins, "Here she goes and there she goes."*)

DOCTOR X. The operation, I am sorry to say, has not the desired effect.

DOCTOR Y. No; but sometimes, in cases like this, I have resorted to hydraulics.

DOCTOR X. What do you mean, doctor?

DOCTOR Y. This insanity is caused by some sudden shock, and by some sudden shock it must be cured.

DOCTOR X. Exactly.

DOCTOR Y. Now, I think by suddenly immersing the patient in cold water a cure may be effected.

DOCTOR X. I have not the least doubt of it. (*To JIM.*) Can you procure a bath-tub?

JIM. Yes, sir. (*Goes off L. 2 E., and brings in tub of water and places it in L. C. of stage.*)

DOCTOR X. Now, gentlemen, your assistance once more if you please. (*They take JOSHUA by the feet and shoulders and souse him in the water three times, then set him on the edge of tub, when clock strikes seven. Then JOSHUA jumps up exclaiming.*)

JOSHUA. I've won it! I've won it!

ALL. Won what?

JOSHUA. Why, the bet, of course.

ALL. What bet?

JOSHUA. Where's them men that supped here?

JIM. Why, they've been gone most an hour.

JOSHUA. Then I've been cheated and robbed.

ALL. How?

JOSHUA. Why, you see, I bet them young fellows fifty dollars that I would sit before that clock for one hour and keep my right

hand going like that (*shows*), and say nothing but "Here she goes and there she goes." And I've stuck to my part through thick and thin, — had my head shaved, been tossed in a blanket, and soused in a tub of water, and I'm all wet, and lost my purse containing one hundred and six dollars.

POLICEMAN (*outside*). Never mind, we'll stop here to-night, and go on with the prisoners in the morning. (*Enter with BILL and JACK; both sham drunk.*)

JOSHUA. That's them — that's them!

JIM (*to BILL*). Why, dat's de fellow what come the thimble-rig on me.

OLD T. (*to JACK*). Yes, and that's the fellow that beat me out of twenty-eight dollars on the race track the other day.

POLICEMAN. Why, don't you know them? They are two of the greatest rascals out of jail.

JOSHUA. Tar and feather 'em.

OMNES. Tar and feather 'em.

JACK. Oh, no, landlord. It was all a joke. (*Gives purse back.*) Now let us go.

JOSHUA. No, no; tar and feather 'em.

OMNES. Yes; tar and feather 'em. (*They run them off L. I E., then run them across stage twice. Change scene to wood in five. All shouting; some run with tar buckets, some with feathers, finally bring them on from R. 4 E. on a rail. All shout.*)

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